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THE COMING IN OF THE "MER-MAIDEN."

BY JEAN INGELOW.

The moon is bleached as white as wool,
And just dropping under;
Every star is gone but three,
And they hang wide asunder—
There's a sea-ghost all in gray,
A tall shape of wonder.

I am not satisfied with sleep,
The night is not ended;
But look how the sea-ghost comes
With wan skirts extended,
Stealing up in this weird hour
When dusk and dawn are blended.

A vessel! To the old pier-end
Her happy course she's keeping;
I heard them name her yesterday—
Some were pale with weeping.
Some with their heart-hunger sighed:
She's in, and they are sleeping.

Oh now with fancied greetings blest,
They comfort their long aching;
The sea of sleep hath borne to them
What would not come with waking.
But the dreams shall most be true
In their blissful breaking.

The stars are gone, the rose-bloom comes,
No blush of maid is sweeter;
The red sun half-way out of bed
Shall be the first to greet her;
None tell the news, yet sleepers wake,
And rise, and run to meet her.

Their lost they have, they hold; from pain
A keener bliss they borrow.
How natural is joy, my heart!
How easy after sorrow!
For once, the best is come, that hope
Promised them "to-morrow."

SETH HATHRON'S FOURTH.

I ALWAYS was a black-browed, broad-shouldered brute of a fellow, always from a boy. At school (not that I had much of that sort of thing), but at school if old Miss Peggy found out any mischief she laid it to my score because of my looks, when often and often, while I was holding out my hand to be ruled, the prettiest boy in the school was grinning over his good-luck in getting off so safely. She had her preconceived notions of a villain, I presume, and I answered the description.

For the matter of that, of all the books and stories I've read since, especially those written by ladies, I've noticed there isn't one where the burglar, or forger, or pirate, or what not, who does all the wickedness of the book as though he's taken it on contract, wouldn't do for *me* on a passport, while their pets, who do the grand and noble things, are generally slender, and fair, and pretty. Now the worst wretch *I* ever saw—one who was afterward hung, and who deserved hanging richly, even on his own showing—had blue eyes, and white lashes, and a pink mouth like a girl's. It's so over and over again; but it's my opinion that if women were put on the police, before the year was over every hulking, awkward, bilious fellow whose eyebrows met would be locked up in the State Prison on suspicion.

I never was a favorite with any woman but my mother, and she died when I was eight years old. So instead of growing up with the idea that most men have, that every girl they meet is ready to fall in love with them, I never had the slightest hope that any one would ever like me well enough to let me fall in love with her even. And I liked girls so. It was odd for a fellow like me, but *how* I did like girls!

I never could bear to see one cry, or to hear of their being imposed upon or hurt. I couldn't pass one with a heavy basket or bundle without at least *wanting* to offer to carry it for her. I could never bring myself to sit in stages or cars when one was standing. I don't think I could if I had been weak or lame instead of the giant I was. Yet I've seen *gentlemen* lounge with their hands in their pockets while poor old ladies, who might have been their grandmothers, stood up before them! And their manners were good and mine those of a bear, and I myself only a workingman, who learned all he ever knew at old Miss Peggy's school.

Something as a man might have felt just in sight of the angels, who were too much above him to be spoken to or touched, I felt about all girls. That is, good, pure girls. When a woman was intoxicated or in any way debased she never seemed a woman to me, but a dreadful sort of creature, all the worse for having something of the pretty womanly look about her.

I was a maker of fireworks, as my father had been before me. I don't know that I liked the business particularly, but there I was, and there I staid. I made good wages, and saved them; for I didn't think enough about my looks to dress much, and I never drank. "Sulky," the other men called me. What of that? It was better to be sulky than raving mad, as some of them were so surely as Saturday night came round. Men with nice, good-looking wives too, whose children wanted for bread and shoes what they spent in drink. I never expected to have a wife and children, but I knew how they ought to be used better than they did.

I suppose I had come to be twenty-eight or so, and no girl had ever looked at me, except as she might at a tamish polar bear, when, one day, old Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the place, came to me as I was going home to dinner, and said, in his own quick way:

"Hathron, can you drive?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"I want you to take the wagon and go over to the railroad depot at Baldwin, and bring down a new hand and her traps," he said. "She'll be there at half-past twelve, so you'll have barely time to snatch a bite and go; and you can have the rest of the day to yourself, if you like, as it's Saturday. Her name is Annie May."

Before you can understand what he meant I must tell you that our place (they called it the "Ne plus ultra Pyrotechnic Establishment," bless you!) employed some five-and-twenty girls, and that they generally came from a distance, and boarded while they staid with an old woman close by, all in one place, to keep them out of harm's way.

Mr. Williams insisted on that, and had a lot of rules about the hours they were to keep and the way they were to behave; good rules, and not so rigid but that there was plenty of innocent courting and more than one wedding in a season. As for we men, we went where we chose. Some put up at the tavern, some with the people who would take a few boarders, and those who lived in the place with their families. There were very few girls who had homes there to go to; for the village was an uppish kind of place, full of country-seats and villas, and the factory stood all by itself, quite a distance away, and the tavern and the few common houses were grouped close about it, as if the others were too genteel to mix with them. So Mrs. Munson's place was always full. When a new girl came down somebody always had to be sent over to Baldwin to bring her to the factory. I had never been before, and why I was chosen this time it was hard to tell. However, I was willing enough, and so, when I had taken a bite, I put on my best coat and drove over. It was a day to tempt a man out—a beautiful Spring day, with tender green grass on the earth and tender pink buds on the branches, and in the sky there were only two or three fleecy bits of clouds, like carded wool, amidst the blueness. It took only half an hour to get to Baldwin. I'd have been willing it should be ten whole ones.

The train had got in, and there were people waiting in the little house at the depot—a couple of stout old ladies, a gentleman who looked like a minister, and a young woman. I looked at her and made up my mind *she* couldn't be the new hand, not because she was more dressed than they usually were, but because she wasn't dressed half so much. Generally they had on their brightest gowns, and big beads around their necks, and roses enough in their bonnets to fill a garden. This girl was all in gray, and wore a veil to match. The things were cheap and not new, but they made her look like a lady. I walked up and down and waited. The fat women went away in a wagon; the clergyman had a gig sent for him; and there the girl sat beside her trunk, looking now and then out of the window and beginning to seem anxious. At all events it could do no harm to speak; so I took off my hat and stepped up with a bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said I, "but has there been anybody here asking about being taken to Mr. Williams's place?"

"I want to go there myself," she answered; "that is, if you mean the firework factory. I'm Annie May."

"I do mean the firework factory," I said. "Mr. Williams sent me down to fetch you. I'm Seth Hathron, one of the hands. The wagon is outside; will you get in? Wait a bit; I'll put the trunk in first."

"Shan't I help you?" she said, and she put her little hand to the handle nearest her. It looked so small I burst out laughing.

"I don't need any help," said I—but I thought I could carry both the trunk and its owner together, if I chose, and she'd let me. She was the smallest creature, to be a full-grown woman, that I ever saw. A piece of the blue sky for her eyes, and a bit of the golden sunshine for her hair, and some of those wild roses that would climb with the barberries over the stone fences seen for her cheeks, and you know how to paint her.

After I had helped her in and had taken the reins in my hands, I kept stealing looks at her and thinking how beautiful she was; and I tried to talk about things that would please her, and pointed out the places on the road, and felt that, bright as the day had been before, it was somehow a great deal brighter now with her beside me.

We stopped at Mrs. Munson's and said good-by. I carried her trunk into the hall and called the old lady, and drove the horse back to the stable. Then, having a holiday, I got a newspaper and went out into the woods—Baldwin's Woods they called them—and I think I knew every tree by heart.

I sat down by chance under a great oak, where Jack Varne, one of the hands, had carved J. V. for his name, and O. G. for Olive Grey's, and had put a ring around them both; and as I looked at the work fell to wondering why Jack Varne should have a sweetheart and I none, and whether it was only his pretty face or something or other in our ways that made all girls like him and none me. And somehow I felt lonesome and unhappy, and couldn't read my paper, and sat down with my head on my hands, sulkier than ever, I suppose, to look at. Maybe it was an hour, maybe two, that I sat there before I heard a step coming over the grass, and looking up, saw the girl I had driven over from Baldwin—Annie May—coming toward me. She did not see me at first; but when she did she started and stopped, and smiled at me just as I'd seen other girls smile often at other men, but never once at me before that moment. I never thought what I was doing, but held out my great brown paw and shook hands with her as if we had been friends for years.

"I found there was nothing for me to do in the factory until Monday," she said, "and I came out to see what these woods were like. It's a pretty place."

"Prettier in Summer," I said, "and prettiest of all in Autumn, when the leaves are burned gold and scarlet."

"I like Spring best," she said; "everything is new and fresh, and just begun. In Autumn everything is nearly over—and that is sad."

"I don't mind it," I said; "I haven't a gay disposition, I suppose," I said. "But look here—if you like fresh young things I'll show you something;" and I took her to where, behind a fallen log, the first Spring violets always grew. There were a dozen there now, and she went down on her knees to smell them. She would only pick one, though; it seemed wrong, she said.

That one, after we had walked for an hour or so, somehow dropped out of her hair. She did not know it, but I did; and when she had gone home I went back and found it lying on the path and put it in my bosom. It was so sweet and fresh and beautiful that I could but think it was like her. I liked to think so. Oh, what a day that was for me! What a night when I dreamed it over!

Next day was the Sabbath, and I did what I'd never done before. After I was dressed, and angry with myself for not looking handsomer all the while I stood before the glass, I went over to Mrs. Munson's and asked for Miss May.

She came down in a muslin dress and a pretty bonnet with pale blue ribbons; and I remember stammering out something about thinking she might like to go to church and would like to know the way. That was all nonsense, of course, for there was the steeple in full sight, but it gave me what I wanted, leave to be with her again.

I'm afraid I couldn't have remembered the text to save my life, and that the sermon was thrown away on me. But I was very happy—happier than I had ever been before; for this sweet young thing seemed to like me, was frank and pleasant with me, and found, I was so glad to think, a sort of protection that she liked in my great arm where her hand rested, going home over the fields, like a falling snow-flake. It almost seemed to me that I must be crazy to believe that she had taken a notion to me; but it was true. So true that when four of those Sabbaths had passed I made her walk with me again in Baldwin's Woods, and sat down beside her on the hollow log, behind which a great patch of violets were in bloom by that time, and told her how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife.

Only a month since she came there—only one month since I drove her over in the little wagon; but if the answer had been anything else than what it was I should have prayed to die. It may not be such a mighty matter to other men to have one woman's love, but I had no one else on earth to care for. So when she said, "Yes," and let me kiss her, it was only shame that kept me from crying outright for joy.

She was mine now, and how proud I was of her! How glad to know that she was so near me when I was at work! How happy to see her so trim and neat among the other girls, who were most of them slovenly when they were not fine! and how full of dreams of the future!

She had promised to marry me in the Autumn, and after that she should work no more in the factory. I was saving to buy a little three-roomed cottage in the village, and to furnish it—humbly, of course, but so that it should be a home for her; and when she was its mistress I should not envy any king his palace. Meanwhile we saw as much of each other as we could, both working so industriously.

One week we had been more than usually busy, for it was near the end of June, and we were making fireworks for the Fourth of July, and the first I had seen of Annie that day I saw in the great saleroom where we always gathered to receive our wages. The men on one side, the girls on the other, stepping up to the great desk one by one as old Griffin, the clerk, called our names. I looked across the line of girl's faces, and saw her smiling at me, but I could not get near her. Besides, at the moment, my name was called—"Hathron"—and I stepped up to the desk. Then, for the first time, I noticed that old Griffin was not there. A nephew of Mr. Williams, whose name I knew to be Richard Janes, was paying the hands instead. He was a handsome young fellow, and very gentlemanly—one of the fair kind. I remember thinking as he laid my wages before me that his hair was just the color of Annie's.

He had a sort of amateur way with him very different from the business-like manner of old Griffin, and when it came to the girls he had something pleasant to say to each one, instead of the old man's snapping—"Sixpence deducted from yours, Jane!" or, "You were late three days last week, Martha!" What he said to Annie I don't know, but she blushed like a wild rose from brow to chin.

Walking home together, she asked me who he was.

"Mr. James," I answered; "did you never see him before?"

"No," said Annie. "How very handsome he is!—don't you think so?"

I gave a grudging "Yes." I couldn't bear to hear her praise him. She might, for all I knew, be contrasting him with me. That was the first pain I had had since she had promised herself to me; but there was more to come of it.

Besides her daily work Annie had got into the way of doing some fine sewing and embroidery of evenings for a Miss Redford, a beautiful young lady, who lived in the prettiest house in the village, and once a week she carried it home. Generally I went with her; but there was overwork for the men to do one night, and I could not get off. I fretted and fumed about it, and when the time came I couldn't for the life of me help slipping away to a stair-head window to try and catch a glimpse of her. Sure enough, I did see her a good way on the road, with her little basket on her arm, but there was some one with her. It was too far to see faces, but I knew the light-gray coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard James. He was bending over her as though talking very earnestly; and when some one inside called "Hathron!" and I could stay no longer, they were still going on close together—her face turned up and his bent down, both earnest and eager in whatever they were talking of.

I went back to my work, but I kept that picture before my eyes all the while. I thought of it until it seemed to be burned into my heart in fiery outlines. After all, it was only what might easily have happened if Mr. Janes had walked the same way by chance; but I could not look at it that way—or perhaps I would not.

It was like my sulky, brooding nature, too, never to say one word about it to Annie, but to keep on thinking and watching in silence. I found out more than I wanted to in that way; for one day when I had made an excuse to enter the women's work-room after Mr. Janes had gone there, I plainly saw him slip a little note slyly into Annie's pocket. The time had come around for her to go over to Miss Redford's with her work; but that evening, instead of going with her, I watched her—hiding like a thief behind trees and buildings on the road. She went alone and came alone, and I saw nothing for my pains. I did at church next Sabbath, though. When the hymn was given out Mr. James, sitting in the handsome family pew, seeing Annie in doubt as to the number—for the old clergyman didn't always speak distinctly—reached over and took her book to find the place (she sat but a pew behind him). When he gave it back I saw that there was something between the leaves, and come what might, I would have snatched it; but at that moment Miss Redford, who sat in the side isle, whispered to Annie to show her the number, and I lost the chance, for in passing the books it was hidden. That it was a note I knew by the white glimmer of the edge as well as if I had seen the whole of it, and surely as I live I saw Annie give Mr. Janes a meaning smile as he passed us on the church-path going home.

Miss Redford looked at Annie as if she knew something of it too, as she stepped after her father and mother into the carriage. They were carriage people—the Redfords—and the old folks looked down on everybody else. There was a feud between them and the proprietors of the factory, and they never spoke to either the Williamses or Mr. Janes; so there was no social chatting on the porch, and the Williams people smiled sarcastically, and the old Redfords scowled and looked haughty, until they were all fairly shut in and driven away. Not Mr. James—he was too gentlemanly; nor Miss Redford—she was too sweet. The feud was among the old folks. The farmers' families made up for their ill-temper though, and half the genteel people from the villas were smirking and bowing to each other.

The factory hands who were at church—a dozen in all, I suppose—hurried home pell-mell by short cuts, not to lose their dinners, and of them all only Annie and I were left. She was waiting for me to join her, a thing I didn't mean to do.

I leaned against the iron railing of the church-yard, wishing I was sound asleep under one of the green mounds, but only looking darker and sulkier, no doubt, than usual, until I saw her turn toward me. Then I leaped the railing and went away, never looking back. I did not go home, but spent the day in Baldwin's Woods alone.

On Monday I was at work as usual. It was the third of July, and the Fourth, of course, was to be a holiday. There were to be grand celebrations at Baldwin, and the show-pieces for the evening were being finished at our place, under the superintendence of Mr. Richard James. It was hard to keep the younger hands at their work. They were half crazy about the Fourth, and I suppose every one of them had a pistol. I never cared for banging at nothing, and should not have had one even if I had felt differently. One young fellow tried hard all day to sell me his; like a goose he had bought two, and was sorry for it.

About dusk I went to get my supper, and was coming back when, among the shadows, I saw two figures standing whispering together. I felt in a moment who they must be, and got close enough hear their voices. It was as I thought. One was Annie May, the other Richard James. They were parting, but I heard enough in the last few words:

"Eleven will be the best time; the moon will be up by then. I'll have the carriage waiting under the the two elms in Baldwin's Woods. Be certain about the hour, for the down-train starts a quarter to twelve. Good-by—God bless you."

Not another word—but I knew the whole. She was going off with Richard James. She whom I loved so. The one of all the world who had seemed to love me. I heard his firm tread die away. I heard her light footsteps rustle over the grass, and went back myself to the work-room, for we were to work till a late hour that night. I walked straight up to the young fellow who had been trying all day to sell me his superfluous pistol.

"Smith," said I, "I think I'll trade with you after all."

"Good for you," said he. "The Fourth ain't no Fourth without a pistol, and this is goin' cheap. A good load in it too, so be careful."

I counted down the money and took the weapon away with me. Do you want to know what I meant to do with it? Shoot myself through the heart. The idea of murder had not crept into my mind then. I'd swear that with my dying breath.

I only wanted to get rid of my tiresome life. There was nothing left to live for; so it seemed to me.

At half past ten I got the chance I wanted, and slipped out. I was going to kill myself in Baldwin's Woods, on the dead log behind which the first Spring violets grew, and where we had sat so often since together. The moon was just rising round and yellow behind the black trees, and the factory windows were all ablaze. As I slunk by the office I saw Mr. Richard James there alone, he was standing exactly under a swinging lamp. A trying light for any but a very handsome face, but his was not hurt by it. Great Heavens! how handsome he looked, and how happy! My blood boiled with rage, and jealousy, and grief. I was as mad for the moment as any lunatic could be. My hand went into my bosom and caught at the pistol hidden there. The next instant I had fired, taking aim at the handsome head.

But it was not good aim. The ball passed over its mark and struck the swinging lamp. I saw it fall, and a great blaze spring up on the instant, and knew that the fire work factory was on fire. That factory filled to the roof with explosive substances, and with a hundred and fifty men and boys, and pretty, innocent girls shut up within its walls. I do not know whether Satan ever feels remorse, but if he does it must be such as I felt—hopeless, maddening, scorching.

The next instant there was a horrible report, and I was throwa into the air.

Not hurt, though. I picked myself up from the grass and stood looking at my work. The windows were belching forth flame up in the air, amidst the smoke. Hundreds of rockets, and blue-lights, and Catherine wheels were tossing and flaming—scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and pink, and green, and blue. Hundreds of cannons seemed to be roaring; and over it all you could hear screams—women's screams—and I went down on my knees and prayed:

"Oh, save her, save her—to be his wife, to hate me—only save her!"

People were flocking in from the village. Workmen, singed and scorched, forced their way through the flames; and in the midst of the wildest tumults some one caught my arm. I turned—it was Annie, and beside her, white and trembling, stood Miss Redford.

"Oh, Seth—thank God for this!" cried Annie; "you are safe. Oh, dear young lady, try to hope; he may be too."

And then that beautiful Miss Redford sank on her knees before me, and clasped her hands, and prayed me to save *her Richard!*

"I should have been his wife in an hour," she said. "Oh, save my husband—save my husband—my love, my life, my darling!"

The truth rushed into my mind then. I saw all my blind folly. I remembered the feud between the Redfords and the Williams family, and knew that my Annie had only been helping Miss Redford to meet and correspond with her lover; that it was to her the message I had heard that evening had been sent, and that it would have been better for me to be dead.

"Go out of danger!" I panted. "I'll bring him to you or die with him!" and with Annie's scream of terror in my ear, dashed away. They were playing on the burning building with the one engine they had at hand by this time, and I could see that most of the workmen were alive.

I clutched one by the arm as I went past.

"Are the women in there yet?" I yelled.

"No, thank Heaven," he answered. "Didn't you know the women were dismissed five minutes before the explosion took place? There wasn't one there. All the men are out too, I guess, but them that were setting the last show-piece in the room next the office: about a dozen. The rest jumped out o' the window. There's a broken limb or two, I guess. But that's better than the poor fellows inside roasting alive or blown to pieces. Young Mr. Janes is there too. His uncle is offering anything to have him got out. Life's worth more than money, though, nobody can do it."

He was right. For hours we worked at the fire before it was out; and then a great heap of lumber was piled over the bodies of the thirteen men who must be, inside—dead, we supposed—and I heard some one say that Miss Redford was going from one swoon into another at the Williamses, and that it had come out that she was to have eloped with Mr. James the night before.

It was the Fourth of July; but no guns were fired and no bells rung at Baldwin. All the people of the town were about the factory helping as best they could. We lifted great charred logs and heaps of beards and molten cans, and at last one stopped. "Hush," he cried; "for God's sake no noise. I hear a voice!" And then, amidst a breathless silence, we heard a moan under our feet.

We worked with a will now, and at last heard more.

One of the men put his head close down and cried, "Are any of you alive?" And some one groaned, "Yes."

Black with smoke, scorched by the cinders we handled, we went at it again, and at last came to a spot where the beams had made a kind of peat-house. There, jammed together and half suffocated, but alive, were four men. And such a yell went up as mortal ears never heard before. Four saved! Four saved! And we drew them out and gave them over to the doctors. Then there was another shout not so loud, for we had come to one insensible, jammed between two logs. He breathed though as soon as we brought him to the air.

It was a time no one ever forgot. Judge what it was to me!

At last all were out but Mr. Janes, and somebody cried that they could see him under some beams. It was a dangerous place to get at; but I would not stop for that. I forced myself into the narrow aperture, and set to work. I called to him, but there was no answer. At last I come to him, lying with a great beam across his chest. His beautiful golden hair and beard were singed and scorched, and one of his hands was blistered. I touched him, and screamed in his ears, but they were deaf to me. I got the log off somehow, and dragged him to the light, and then I had help enough. They took him between them and laid him on the grass, and the doctor unfastened his vest.

"Is he dead?" I asked; and I meant as truly as I live, if the answer were "yes," to tell the crowd before me what I had done, knowing well that if I did no law could save me.

There was no answer for a moment, and I spoke again, "Is he dead?" And God bless the dear, white-headed old man who answered so kindly:

"No, my man, he isn't dead. I think he's coming to."

Oh, the mercy of the good Lord—think of it! Of the whole not one was killed. There were burns, and broken limbs, and black eyes, but there was no death; and soon I saw Richard Janes—pale and faint, but out of danger—standing before me. I couldn't believe God had been so good to me.

Then that old white-haired doctor mounted on a pile of burned logs and lifted his hat, and there were three such cheers as were never heard before, and a dozen boys sped in to Baldwin to ring the joy-bells; and women came crying to thank me for helping to save their dear ones—so that for shame I went and hid myself in Baldwin's Woods and cried, with my head hidden in my arms, on the old log where the violets were.

Then somebody came softly up the path and sat beside me, and bent over me, and took me, singed and smoke-stained as I was, in two white arms—and only one of all the world could do that—and without looking I knew it was Annie.

"My noble, brave darling," she said; "my own dear that I am so proud of!" and sobbed and kissed me.

"They are so happy too," she said; "and Mr. Janes is only scorched and burned a very little, and old Mr. Redford is reconciled to old Mr. Williams, and they will be married after all. They are so fond of each other, Seth; as fond as you and I."

And then I stood up and put her gently from me, and made atonement for my sin by an awful sacrifice. I told her the truth—what I was, and what I had done, and why, and waited to hear her renounce me.

She did not do it. She was shocked and grieved, but she pitied me, and I dared to take her in my arms and call her mine again. I believe that all my life there had been an evil spirit in my breast, and that he left me forever at that moment.

It was some time before the factory was rebuilt, and some had been injured, and many were out of work. I knew my duty. To those in need came little gifts of money every week, with no clue to its donor, until my savings were all gone.

So we did not buy the three-roomed cottage, and perhaps never shall; but, penniless as I was, she married me, and we are happy.

Mr. Janes and Miss Redford are married too; and when we sit in church she smiles across the pews to that little wife of mine, and I think, with a pang of terror even yet, from what God's mercy saved me.

CURIOSITIES OF HUMANITY.

SOME author or other wrote himself blind, as we have heard, on the "curiosities of literature;" but he certainly would have used up two or three pairs of eyes if he had set himself seriously to work looking out for the curiosities of humanity. We could have mentioned a few to him, and here they are:

The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behind hand, and "stocks down," "My dear, you look tired; let me walk up and down with the baby while you rest!"

The wife who expends as much pains upon her toilette on a rainy morning when there is no one but "John" at the breakfast-table, as she does on the evening when her old sweetheart is coming to call!

The husband who reads all the Congressional debates to his wife without meantly skipping every other paragraph, and always keeps her posted in floating politics.

The wife who provides herself with spools of cotton, thimbles, and sewing-work before the reading begins, and don't have to jump up once in five minutes to "fetch something from the other room!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindling for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a healthful method of expanding the chest!

The woman who tells her husband just exactly how much money she spent in that shopping expedition yesterday!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies, and don't expect a daily bill of fare like unto a French restaurant!

The woman who don't look into all the envelopes in her husband's vest pocket when she mends that garment!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits so much better than his ever did!

The woman who can't tell the color of her neighbor's new Winter bonnet!

The husband who, especially during northeast storms, and during the prevalence of domestic toothaches, makes up his mind that it is a great deal cheaper to be amiable than to scold.—*Phrenological Journal.*

SOCIABILITY.

IT is often said of persons, in a complimentary way, that they are sociable, meaning that they are friendly and talkative; but it depends somewhat on the character of a person's speech, as well as its quantity, whether his acquaintance is desirable or not. Persons may be ever so well meaning, but if their conversation is only of the prevailing sickness, or the last horrible murder in papers, unless you incline particularly to such kind of entertainment, they will be likely to prove dull companions in the end. Or if an acquaintance is simply prosy, and talks with as dignified an air as if he fancied himself to be delivering a lecture on some moral subject, without any of the familiar language which makes intercourse with friends so charming, you will be as likely to go to sleep during his discourse as you would in a railway carriage while it is in motion, and wake up when he stopped. Or, if your caller should happen to be one full of his or her own petty cares, who will treat you to a history of all their little vexations, you will soon become tired, or irritable, or both; but no matter, you must hear all their plans for the present and future, whether you will or not. Sometimes, too, from this kind of sociable people you will hear nothing but bits of flying gossip about people you are not at all interested in. But when a friend enters about your own stamp, and you cannot speak without calling up a response from his mind; when your ideas and experiences correspond, and your heart grows lighter with the friendly interchange of thought, you are enjoying one of the highest pleasures of social intercourse. Such hours need not be counted among the vanishing pleasures, for the recollection of them is agreeable to both ever after.

HOW DUTCH GAP GOT ITS NAME

THE following is told by a Southern correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"An Englishman and a Dutchman, so the story runs, undertook, for a wager, to row their respective skiffs from a place seven miles below the gap to a point above it. The man who first arrived at the place of destination was to be considered the champion, and to receive the stakes. Both started. The Englishman pulled out vigorously, while the Dutchman, with true Teutonic impartability, suffered his opponent to go ahead without an apparent effort to keep up with him. When the Englishman began to round the bluff, after passing the gap, the Dutchman was "hull down" and almost out of sight of his antagonist, who was counting on a "sure thing of it." When the Dutchman reached the gap, he run his skiff on shore, raised it on his shoulders, and made his way with all possible despatch across the few hundred feet of intervening space. When the Englishman arrived at the point at which the race was to terminate, what was his astonishment to find his opponent in his skiff, calmly awaiting his appearance, having relieved the weariness of his stay by smoking, with Dutch leisure, three or sour pipes of tobacco. Whether the Dutchman succeeded by his trick in winning the wager is not known, but he gave a name to the gap.

DR. STUCKLEY once waited upon Sir Isaac Newton a little before dinner-time; but he had given orders not to be called down to anybody till his dinner was upon the table. At length a boiled chicken was brought in, and Stuckley waited till it was near cold, when, being very hungry, he ate it up, and ordered another to be prepared for Sir Isaac, who came down before the second was ready, and seeing the dish and cover of the first which had been left, lifted up the latter, and turning to the doctor, said: "What strange folks we studious people are! I really forgot that I had dined."

WHAT commodity is always offered at cost? The law.

WHAT things increase the more you contract them? Debts.

WHAT is higher and handsomer when the head is off? A pillow.

How does the hair-dresser end his days? He curls up and dyes.

The Columbian.

GEORGE H. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866.

THE MESHOPPEN POST-OFFICE.

We have been furnished by a gentleman of Wyoming County with the facts in relation to a recent case of post-office appointment in that county, which are as follows:

Captain Philo M. Burr, a young man of twenty-four years of age, and a gallant soldier of the war, has been appointed postmaster at Meshoppen, a town ten miles above Tunkhannock, upon the east bank of the river. Captain Burr enlisted as a private, without bounty, early in the war, in Company B, Fifty-second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. He served his term of three years, when he re-enlisted, and continued to serve until honorably discharged, on the twelfth of July, 1865, after the close of the war. In the meantime he had risen, by merit and gallant service, from the position of private, through sucessive grades of promotion, to the rank of captain, to which he was appointed on the first of June, 1865. When the Presidential election of 1865 took place he was in service at Morris Island, South Carolina, and supported Lincoln and Johnson.

Meshoppen Township contains two hundred and sixty-nine taxables, as certified from the commissioner's office recently; and of these taxables two hundred and three are qualified voters of the district.

In the contest upon Captain Burr's appointment the voice of the people interested was strongly pronounced. Of the qualified voters and electors one hundred and eighteen signed petitions in favor of Captain Burr, and thirteen others did not sign for either side. Five of the signers had previously signed for the opposite party under misconception. There were also seventeen additional names for Captain Burr of new settlers and workmen, whose names were not on the previous official return of taxables, and a like additional number of young men, etc., not on the tax-list, but interested in the office. Finally there were forty additional names of citizens and voters of Mehoopeny and Auburn Townships, who get mail-matter at the Meshoppen post-office.

Upon this strong endorsement by the people Captain Burr was appointed in place of O. H. Loomis, who had held the office since 1861, or for five years. Loomis was drafted during the war, and went to Troy with a substitute, but in some way, not known to the public, got himself exempted. Being able-bodied and of proper age, the cause of his exemption remains a mystery. In other words, like his friend William Burgess, of the *Wyoming Republican* (who took occasion recently to abuse the COLUMBIAN), he is a *draft-sneak* of the worst type, and very naturally is opposed to giving up his office, after five years of enjoyment, to a gallant soldier who has fought as a volunteer through the whole war.

Upon Captain Burr's appointment being announced Loomis and Postmaster Osterhout went on to Washington, and enlisting Mr. Congressman Mercur in their cause, had the appointment suspended at the Post-Office Department. Burr and his friends then appealed to the President and had the whole case laid before him, and the President, in conformity with his announced policy of appointing meritorious soldiers to office, in proper cases, ordered that Burr's appointment should stand good, and his commission be forwarded to him.

The post-office has been called Sterlingville for some years to gratify the vanity of a family, of Radical proclivities, named Sterling; being changed, with this object, from Meshoppen, which is the proper name of the village and township as well as the creek which empties into the river at that place. The old and proper name is now restored and family vanity disregarded.

We are glad to record this case of just reward to a soldier and of inglorious defeat to the selfish men who opposed him.

A BLAST FROM TOWANDA.

The Bradford *Reporter*, the home organ of Congressman Mercur, recently indulged itself in an article abusive of Robert F. Clark, Esq., upon the occasion of his nomination for Assessor, and the article was republished, as a sweet morsel of literature, by the *Republican* of this place. It is not possible for the *Reporter* to injure Mr. Clark in his reputation or standing in the community by the utmost exertion of its malice and powers; but the occasion invites a statement of facts well known throughout this Congressional district, and which should have imposed silence, or at least civility, upon the *Reporter*, and upon the men who inspire it. According to our information, from responsible sources, the men of the Towanda clique should be the last men to indulge in vituperation of our neighbor.

In 1862, in consequence of the nomination of George Landon for Congress, a split took place in the Republican party in Bradford, which resulted in Mr. Tracy's election. A short time before the election was to take place it was ascertained that not only would Landon be largely defeated in the district, but that the regular Republican ticket of Bradford County, including, we believe, two members of the Legislature, Sheriff, etc., would be defeated with him. Then the appeal was made to Mr. Clark to stand forward and save the Republican party of Bradford. In an evil hour, but prompted by the most honorable and unselfish motives, he responded to this appeal. Landon was withdrawn, and he was named in his stead. He canvassed the district, expending time and money to avert as much as possible of disaster from the Wilmot and Mercur organization. At the time and under the circumstances his election in the district was impossible, as was well understood both by him and by those who invited him to the performance of an expensive and ungracious task. But the local result desired in Bradford was secured. The whole Republican ticket there was saved; one member of the Legislature, we believe, by one hundred and ninety-eight votes, and the other candidates upon the ticket by majorities of a few hundred, in a county which has usually given from three to four thousand Republican majority. The task was performed, the work was done, the result secured, and joy and exultation filled the breasts of the Towanda politicians. They were rescued from deadly peril, and their grasp upon patronage and power at home was retained. They were profuse in their acknowledgments to our neighbor for invaluable service rendered, and volunteered their promise to support him for the next Congressional nomination, when it was hoped that changed circumstances would insure success in the district.

Two eventful years passed by and 1864 arrived, when Mr. Mercur desired the nomination, and had his claims pressed with an ardor characteristic of his school. Mr. Clark did not seek the nomination, but attended the district conference, presided over it, and voted for Mercur, who was nominated. Our neighbor then canvassed the district as a speaker, undergoing the labor and expense incident to such service, and contributed, to the extent of his power, to the success of Mercur and of the party with which he was indentified.

Thus, upon two signal occasions, he prepared the way for that exhibition of ingratitude and of indecent malignity which has characterized the recent conduct of Mercur toward him, and inspired the assault of the Bradford *Reporter*. The former has expended a large portion of his time and efforts, since January, in opposing Mr. Clark's nomination and confirmation to the office of Assessor, for which he was named without his knowledge. A sense of obligation to others is oppressive to base minds, and tends to awaken their resentment. In this case, therefore, it need not be a matter of wonder that ingratitude and malignity have characterized the opposition to Mr. Clark.

As to the Bradford *Reporter*, its capacity to injure is not equal to its will; and in doing the foul work of its masters, it only exposes their moral deformity, as well as its own.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28, 1866.

An evening paper a few days since chronicled the death by suicide of a young man who, in brighter days, had been loved and admired for his urbanity and warm social gifts, united to correct moral principle. He was the support of his aged mother and her sister. Unwisely, in the early part of the war, they decided to go to Richmond, to be with the only daughter of the mother, who, with her family, were residents of that city. Living through that fearful struggle, where the innocent suffered privation alike with the guilty, they returned to Washington, their life-long home.

Failing to procure employment, and standing almost alone, when his only brother, after several days' absence, was discovered prostrate by *delirium tremens*, after spending the night, worn, weary, and enfeebled by illness, in a moment of despair the young man cut asunder the tie of life below to enter the presence of Him who seeth not as man seeth. We looked at the serene countenance, and saw standing with mournful look the colored attendant to whom he had been kind as a brother; that unrecorded kindness here was remembered and accepted by the recording angel.

How often would the unspoken word of kindness and cheer be the mental tonic leading to success and fortune! The spark of fire or simple lever of force overturns the firmest foundation, while days of toil are needed to reconstruct and make symmetrical the social or architectural fabric.

A recent reunion at the marriage of a lovely young lady had only the touching sadness of memory to add to its holy ceremony. A respected Virginia family were divided, its members being in both armies. There their houses and purses were open to our soldiers, and the tenderest care given, while those in the army faithfully performed their duties. The youngest son hoped to escape being drafted, and left to obtain employment in Virginia, where a more ruthless conscription sent him into the Rebel army. Taken prisoner, and in close confinement in the Old Capitol one year, and not allowed to receive even the slightest luxury from friends, he was sentenced to be shot, when he made his escape. His older brother, while gathering corn in the field, was taken and confined with less rigor in the same place, and afterward sent to Albany.

The church was crowded with friends to witness the ceremony, and as the youthful party entered the church, a thrill of gratitude rose like incense that all were spared, and that the one who had been as a brother was the groomsman.

The unwritten story of the war has many a touching memory shrined in hearts that have known the keenest anxiety, and in the country's hour of triumph let the funereal shaft be twined with the clematis and ivy, and not the nightshade and hellebore. M.

Jared Ingersol, of Philadelphia, has pleaded guilty of purloining books from the Mercantile Library of that city. He further admitted that he had robbed other libraries. The books taken were sold for waste paper. The librarian, who detected him putting books under his coat, testifies that during the last seven years over ten thousand dollars, worth of books had been lost in this manner.

New York City is to have an equestrian statue of General Scott, at the expense of William B. Astor.

GENERAL PRESS DESPATCHES.

From Washington.

The Commissioner of Pensions has just issued instructions and forms to be observed in applying for army and navy pensions, under the act of June sixth, 1866. The highest grades of pensions (twenty-five, twenty, and fifteen dollars a month, according to extreme or partial disability) will be allowed only to those disabled since the fourth day of March, 1861, and will date only from the sixth day of June, 1856.

There have been previous statements relative to the delivery by the Treasury Department of the bonds belonging to the banks of New Orleans and other parties to the State Auditor, in whose charge they were at the time of their capture by General Sheridan, during the latter part of the war. All that have been identified, amounting to over four millions, have been transferred by the Department to the parties owning them. There yet remain in the keeping of the Treasury between two and three hundred thousand dollars' worth of these bonds awaiting their proper owners. There is in possession of the Treasury a large box of Confederate notes, representing a past value of one hundred thousand dollars in Confederate funds, which are under advisement as to their disposition. The probability is that they will be destroyed, as they are of no account whatever except, perhaps, as relics.

Congress having appropriated fifty thousand dollars to procure a temporary building for the State Department, it is probable that what is known as the Cass Building, on Vermont Avenue, east of Lafayette Square, will be leased for the purpose.

Representative Washburne, of Illinois, on Saturday last presented to the House testimony in the case of George N. Carleton, late Special Agent and Acting Surveyor of Customs at Memphis, designated a depositary to receive payment of money. The papers show a defalcation to the amount of five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that he gave certificates for the 7-30 loan, which were negotiated through the Commercial Bank of Memphis for the benefit of Parkman and Co., or Parkman, Brooks, and Co., who drew the proceeds out of the bank. This subject is to be further investigated by the Committee on Banks and Banking.

The receipts of internal revenue on Saturday were four hundred and eighty-three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight dollars and seventy-three cents; for the week ending yesterday three million nine hundred and twenty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-three dollars and sixty-five cents. The aggregate for the fiscal year promises to reach, without doubt, the round sum of three hundred and ten million, and of revenue from all sources, five hundred and forty million dollars.

The President has approved the bill for the disposal of the public lands for homestead actual settlement in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida, and also the bill appropriating three hundred and sixty-eight thousand five hundred dollars to reimburse the State of West Virginia for moneys expended in enrolling, equipping, and paying the military forces to aid in suppressing the Rebellion.

The President on Monday sent to the House a message in answer to a resolution calling for information in regard to the arrest and imprisonment in Ireland of American citizens, inclosing a report from the Secretary of State upon the subject. The latter says: He has the honor to subjoin a list of the names of all aged citizens of the United States who, according to the information in the Department, have been arrested since the recent suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in that country. Pursuant to the instructions of the Department, the United States Minister at London, and Consuls of the United States in Ireland, have made such representation to the British authorities, in regard to the cases of persons, that they have been released, except two who were held for trial upon grounds supposed to be sufficient by the judicial authorities. It is believed, however, that in consequence of the aforesaid representations even the two persons referred to, one of whom is a Colonel Burke, have been set at liberty before the present time. The following are the names of those held in arrest in Dublin: Maurice McGrath; Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Byron, late Major Eighth New York Volunteers; George Archdeacon; Michael O'Bierle, late Captain Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers; Timothy D. McEniff; John Fourring; Burke Kirnan McDonald; James Bible, Captain United States Army; John H. Gleason; Joseph Gleason; Bernard McDermitt; Michael O'Brien; Michael Duffy; Daniel J. Maykins; James Smith, of Ohio; John A. Comerford, of Massachusetts; Frank Leslie; William Malkers, native of Pennsylvania; Edward Morley, native of Pennsylvania; Cornelius Healy; Thomas Hynes. Held in arrest at Belfast: Captain O'Byrne, John Dunn. Held at Cork: John McCimperty, native of Ohio; James Daniels. Held at Tipperary: Thomas E. Blackwell.

Governors Swann, Cox, and Morton are understood to be in no haste in convening their respective Legislatures to act on the Constitutional Amendments, and to have signified the same to the President. Tennessee men now here doubt whether Governor Brownlow can get a quorum together in any reasonable time.

Sir Frederick W. A. Bruce, the British Minister to this Government, by an official note of the twenty-fourth instant addressed to the Secretary of State, announced that the Governments of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have agreed that the possession of a license issued by Canada to fish shall entitle the holder, during the season of 1866, to fish in the waters of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, as well as in those of Canada; the holder of a license from the Government of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, if any such shall be issued, being entitled to fish in Canadian waters. This notification is supplemental to one issued early in June, in which it was stated that R. Potter, Esq. (P. Fortier, Esq., is the correct name), commanding the Government naval vessel *La Canadienne*, employed in protecting the fisheries, was authorized to issue fishery licenses on the payment of fifty cents per ton measurement of the vessel to which they were granted, to remain in force during the season, and conferring the same rights, so far as the Canadian fisheries were concerned, as were conferred by the Reciprocity Treaty on United States fisherman.

The prize-money on account of the capture of the steamer *Pet* by the United States ship *Montgomery*, amounting to about sixty thousand dollars, will be ready for distribution by the Fourth-Auditor about the first of August.

Charges are said to have been presented at the State Department affecting the private conduct of ex-Major-General Kilpatrick, Minister to Chili. It is announced that the Secretary of State will immediately investigate the charges, which, if found to be based on facts, will cause the speedy recall of General Kilpatrick.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' National Union of this city have passed resolutions of thanks to the Military Committee of the House for their efforts in procuring the passage of the Army Bill which contains the provision for the organization of the Veteran Reserve feature in the army. The House is so overwhelmingly in favor of this feature in the Army Bill that there is no doubt it will be forced eventually upon the Senate, and the general impression now is that the bill that will ultimately pass will be the Senate Army Bill last reported, with the House Veteran Reserve feature incorporated therein.

A bill to incorporate the Metropolitan Club of this city has been introduced in the Senate. General Grant and Attorney-General Speed are among the incorporators named.

The President has approved the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, and the joint resolution to pay the State of Vermont, not exceeding sixteen thousand four hundred dollars, the sum expended for the protection of the frontier against the invasion from Canada in 1864.

The Senate Chamber is so badly ventilated that Senators are compelled occasionally to leave their seats and take positions in the doorways and passages for a breath of fresh air. The atmosphere in the Chamber was so oppressive and offensive on Tuesday that it induced a motion from Mr. Brown, of Missouri, that the architect of the Capitol be required to report some plan for better ventilation. The resolution was agreed to.

The Freedmen's Bureau Bill kept a bare quorum in their seats. It went through the Senate, after the accustomed Democratic opposition, without the Yeas and Nays. It differs in essential particulars from the form in which it passed the House. A Committee of Conference will probably be called for to settle disputed points.

Fresh developments are coming to light in connection with the Memphis swindle. It turns out that some seven or eight hundred thousand dollars in 7-30 notes, which were sent to Carlton some time toward the close of last year, for disposal on account of the Government, have also been embezzled and employed in cotton speculation. The whole is to be fully investigated in a day or two by the Banking and Currency Committee.

The Fourth-Auditor estimates that it will require upward of twenty millions of dollars to settle the claims for prize-money, back-pay, and naval officers' accounts now on file in his bureau. The passage of the bill equalizing soldiers' and sailors' bounties will require an addition to the clerical force of the Second-Auditor's Bureau of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred clerks. The claims now on file arising from the war will take the present force four years to settle; and if the Equalization Bill be passed, several years more would be required to get through with the additional claims.

It is reported that the reorganization of the Interior Department, in conformity with the pending bill for that purpose, has already commenced, and that forty-three clerks will be discharged from the Pension Bureau alone on the first of July.

The House Military Committe have accepted Mr. Batchelder's invitation to visit the battle-field of Gettysburg with him, and will leave here on Thursday.

The Senate in Executive Session on Tuesday confirmed the following nominations:

To be Consuls—George W. Bowie, of California, at Canton; Charles Mueller, of Ohio, at Amsterdam; David H. Strother, of West Virginia, at Buenos Ayres; W. P. Atwill, of Wisconsin, at Maracaibo; George S. Dodge, of Vermont, at Bremen.

To be Collectors of Internal Revenue—N. P. Knapp, for the Tenth Collection District of Illinois; W. H. Markle, of Greensburg, for the Twenty-first District of Pennsylvania; and Owen L. Mann, for the First District of Illinois.

To be Assessors of Internal Revenue—Robert F. Clark, for the Thirteenth District of Pennsylvania; and Thomas Orton, for the Sixth District of Pennsylvania.

To be Deputy-Postmasters—Edward H. Shelby, at Rome, New York; Moses Wood, at Clinton, New York; Charles H. Hopkins, at Utica, New York; Daniel Mace, at Lafayette, Indiana; William A. Hugh, at Berlin Green, Wisconsin.

A farmer was struck by lightening near Madisonville, Kentucky, last week and instantly killed. He was stripped naked, except the wrisband of shirt on his left arm. Fragments of his clothing were scattered to the distance of thirty yards; the pieces mostly in little squares, some not over half an inch. The uppers were cut smooth from the soles of his boots, large thick heel of left boot cut in two; opening in left temple, also on back of head; skull broken, but not crushed.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The first volume of the diplomatic correspondence submitted with the President's annual message last December has just been issued. It covers six hundred pages, and relates altogether to Great Britian and the United States.

The correspondence begins as far back as November twenty-fifth, 1864, and ends November, 1865. The long time which has elapsed since the documents were sent to Congress has deprived them of much of their interest.

Many of the questions in controversy between the two Governments, growing out of the late civil war, are discussed at length, and the subject of Rebel privateers occupies much space in the correspondence. The Secretary of State kept Minister Adams well posted on the condition of affairs, while the latter advised the former of everything that could possibly prove of public interest. The discussions between Mr. Adams and Earl Russell, and the instructions to Mr. Adams from the Secretary of State, cannot fail to form an important part of diplomatic history, while they afford an insight into the policy of the respective Governments.

Mr. Adams, in numerous letters, refers to the violations of the neutrality laws, and among other cases, mentions that the United States steamship *San Jacinto* was wrecked upon a desolate bay of the Bahamas. Her officers and crew found shelter at Nassau until relief could be obtained from the United States. The wreckers, who had recovered certain portions of the movables of the vessel, presented their claim for salvage, the payment of which they required in coin. Nassau being considered the most convenient point for settling this claim, the steamer *Honduras* proceeded thither for the purpose of procuring the coin with which to adjust the transaction. The Consul of the United States, in compliance with the terms of her Majesty's proclamation, solicited permission for her to enter. That permission was at once refused by the Governor, on the ground that it was not a case within the exceptions provided by the proclamation. Mr. Adams says there was no single day during the month in which this incident happened that thirty-five vessels engaged in breaking the blockade were not to be seen parading their contraband flags in that port. Neither had its hospitality been restricted to that hybrid class of British ships running as illegal ventures on joint account with the insurgent authorities in the United States. To the remonstrance of Mr. Adams Earl Russell replied that American merchants, when neutrals, have availed themselves of similar chances of profit, but that Her Majesty's Government will feel bound to prevent to the utmost of their power the violation of Her Majesty's rights, and of Her Majesty's declared neutrality. Mr. Adams, in reply, deeply regretted that he was constrained to say that every well meant effort of Her Majesty's Government to put down this extraordinary state of things, down to April, 1865, had proved almost entirely fruitless.

Mr. Adams, on the fifteenth of June, 1865, in writing to Acting Secretary of State Hunter, says the immense interest manifested in the fate of Jeff Davis is one of the phenomena of this remarkable era, and adds: "Carefully disavowing the indulgence of the slightest acrimonious feeling toward Mr. Davis or any of his associates, I have expressed the hope that the ends of justice might be satisfied with the least possible effusion of human blood. We have had enough of slaughter, and of public and private misery. Especially had a severe retribution already been visited upon these misguided people, who had, by their wanton obstinacy, brought it all upon the country. If even Mr. Davis could be disgraced, and then suffered to sink into oblivion without seriously impairing the force of the example in view of later generations, I should be perfectly content. If Mr. Davis, having, under all the safeguards of our laws, undergone a trial for his offence, should be proved guilty, condemned, and sentenced to suffer the last penalty, the responsibility of interposition would then devolve upon the President. I had no doubt that he would meet it with the dignity and impartiality that became his office. Neither was I disposed to believe that, whatever it might be, his decision, if given in the manner indicated, would be attended by any of the evil consequences to the reputation of our country all over civilized Europe which seemed to be a matter of so much concern to our enemies, not less than to our friends."

Mr. Seward, in replying to this letter, says he had read with pleasure Mr. Adams's remarks upon the question what penalty ought to be imposed upon Jeff Davis, which question is so universally and so earnestly discussed in Europe. He adds: "Your sentiments are deemed just and wise."

This volume contains the correspondence, etc., relative to the assassination of President Lincoln, and Mr. Adams transmits to Mr. Seward very many addresses and resolutions on the subject from all parts of the kingdom, saying, "the interest in this matter is all but universal."

Mr. Seward, under date of September fifth, 1865, wrote to Mr. Adams: "*Sir:* I have to inform you, by direction of the President, that he will neither make promises nor grant either passports or permits for return to Rebels now abroad. Applications for pardons will be considered only when the persons making them are residing in the United States, and in many cases there must be an unreserved, not a conditional appeal to the mercy and the magnanimity of the Government."

Mr. Adams, in a letter dated September last, speaks of his excursion to Ireland, and while alluding to the recent organization of the Fenians says: "I have never anticipated any difficulty that would prove serious. The disaffected class may be large, but it is poor, unarmed, and generally wanting in the elements of moral power. Any resort to violence could end only in the slaughter of thousands without the possibility of attaining a single object. The effect would be merely to play into the hands of their opponents. A far more dangerous policy would be to keep up and assiduously extend the secret disaffection which might, perhaps, be done by the aid of American sympathy, until the procrastination of uneasiness should weary the Government into radical measures to remove a constant danger, by promoting the transportation of the disaffected poor at the public expense. In England few persons consider a serious insurrection a possibility. In Ireland few have it ever out of their minds, conscious of the existence of the evil and hopeless of any system of remedy. Instead of thanking America for the relief which emigration gives them, they are disposed to quarrel with her because she creates in the people a desire to go."

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

HIS OBJECTIONS TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The President sent, on the twenty-second instant, the following message to the Senate and House of Representatives:

I submit to Congress a report of the Secretary of State, to whom was referred the concurrent resolution of the eighteenth instant, respecting a submission to the Legislatures of the States of an additional article to the Constitution of the United States. It will seem from this report that the Secretary of State had, on the sixteenth instant, transmitted to the Governors of the several States certified copies of the joint resolution passed on the thirteenth instant, proposing an amendment to the Constitution. Even in ordinary times, a question of amending the Constitution must be justly regarded as of paramount importance. This importance is at the present time enhanced by the fact that the joint resolution was not submitted by the two Houses for the approval of the President; and that of the thirty-six States which constitute the Union, eleven are excluded from representation in either House of Congress, although, with the single exception of Texas, they have been entirely restored to all their functions as States, in conformity with the organic law of the land, and have appeared at the National Capital, by Senators and Representatives, who have applied for and have been refused admission to the vacant seats. Nor have the sovereign people of the nation been afforded an opportunity of expressing their views upon the important question which the amendment involves. Grave doubts, therefore, may naturally and justly arise as to whether the action of Congress is in harmony with the sentiment of the people, and whether State Legislatures, elected without reference to such an issue, should be called upon by Congress to decide respecting the ratification of the proposed amendment. Waiving the question as to the constitutional validity of the proceedings of Congress upon the joint resolution proposing the amendment, or as to the merits of the article which it submits through the Executive Department to the Legislatures of the States, I deem it proper to observe that the steps taken by the Secretary of State, as detailed in the accompanying report, are to be considered as purely ministerial, and in no sense whatever committing the Executive to an approval or recommendation of the amendment to the State Legislatures or to the people; on the contrary, a proper appreciation of the letter and spirit of the Constitution, as well as of the interests of national order, harmony, and union, and a deference for an enlightened public judgment, may, at this time, well suggest a doubt whether any amendment to the Constitution ought to be proposed by Congress, and pressed upon the Legislatures of the several States for final decision, until after the admission of such loyal Senators and Representatives of the now unrepresented States as have been, or as may hereafter be chosen, in conformity with the Constitution and laws of the United States.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22, 1866.

SECRETARY SEWARD'S REPORT.

To the President:

The Secretary of State, to whom was refered the concurrent resolution of the two Houses of Congress of the eighteenth instant, in the following words: "That the President of the United States be requested to transmit forthwith to the Executives of the several States of the United States, copies of the articles of amendment proposed by Congress to the State Legislatures to amend the Constitution of the United States, passed June thirteenth, 1866, respecting citizenship, the basis of representation, disqualification for office, and validity of the public debt of the United States, and to the end that the said States may proceed to act upon the said article of amendment, and that he request the Executive of each State that may ratify said amendment to transmit to the Secretary of State a certified copy of such ratification," has the honor to submit the following report, namely: That on the sixteenth instant Hon. Amasa Cobb, of the Committee of the House of Representatives on Enrolled Bills, brought to this Department and deposited therein said enrolled resolution of the two Houses of Congress, which was thereupon received by the Secretary of State and deposited among the rolls of the Department, a copy of which is hereunto annexed. Thereupon the Secretary of State, on the sixteenth instant, in conformity with the proceeding which was adopted by him in 1865, in regard to the then proposed and afterward adopted Congressional amendment of the Constitution of the United States concerning the prohibition of slavery, transmitted certified copies of the annexed resolution to the Governors of the several States, together with a certified and circular letter. A copy of both of these communications is unto annexed.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) WILLIAM H. SEWA

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 20, 1866.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 16, 186

To His Excellency the Governor of the State of

SIR,—I have the honor to transm attested copy of a resolution of Co proposing to the Legislatures o several States a fourteenth article Constitution of the United States, decisions of the several Legisl upon the subject are required by l be communicated to this Depart An acknowledgment of the rece this communication is requeste your Excellency's obedient servan

(Signed) WILLIAM H. SEWA

The acompanying paper is the c ate of a true copy of the conc resolution proposing an amendm the Constitution.

WAR.

Negotiations are at end and has begun. Long as it was post it comes at last so suddenly that t tual outbreak of hostilities seems t Europe by surprise. It is impo not to admire the rapidity and de which Prussia displays at the crisi which have given her a signal a tage in the first military moven The vote of the Federal Diet to a forces removed the last inducem delay on the part of Prussia, a there was nothing more to be gain diplomacy, Bismark instantly dre sword. The Diet voted on the teenth. On the fifteenth the Pru armies had entered Saxony and over. The latter State will be inst overrun and possessed, and unle Austrian vote in the Diet is disav Prussia will henceforth treat Ha as a conquered province, whose re ces of men and money and supplie to be absolutely at her disposal. I be the same with the other Ge States in the North. They fall to P sia by their geographical situation such of them as rejected the opport to become her allies can have no hope of escaping the utmost rigors hostile military occupation.

But the chief military interest of news centres in Saxony. The posit of neither the Prussian nor Aus *corps d'armee* are so clearly known enable us to say certainly to which Dresden is to fall. The telegrams w we reprint in our foreign news are fused, and cannot be taken as a g They assume that Benedek, the Aus commander, will seize Dresden; bu two armies are about equidistant f that city, and if there be a chanc the Prussians to get possession of Saxon capital, they will try hard f Saxony itself is all for Austria, and put her railways at Benedek's disp while the Prussians must trust to t own resources; but as Prussia has a day's start of her enemy, it is not tain she may not reach Dresden The possession of Dresden, to which side it may fall, will be a most imp ant advantage. Just south of the lies the ground which the wars of F erick made famous, and which since has been reckoned an impreg position. An army once establish it could not be dislodged without a campaign. If Prussia gets it she have her grasp on the neck of Sax and that ill-fated kingdom may more have cause to repent its suic proclivity toward Austrian allian It must be admitted, however, that probabilities point to the seizure permanent occupation of this region the Austrian forces.

From Italy we have the news t Cialdini was expected to cross the Po the fourteenth, with eighty thous men, and we presume there is no d that military plans had been perfe agreed on between Italy and Prussi that the first shot fired on the Saxo the Silesian frontier was echoed from Venetia. Austria is not less alr ed by a reported movement of an I ian detachment into Hungary. Ma the strength of her army to meet antagonist on the North, Austria is merically weak against Italy, and p for nothing more than a defensive c paign in Venetia at present. I much defensive tactics will avail agai the enthusiasm and impetuous cour and overwhelming numbers of the I ian army, we shall be likely to l very soon. It is scarcely worth w to speculate on the few hints we ge the opening campaign. The one th certain is that a great European wa to be fought, and that its results lie yond all foresight. Already the Ger Confederation disappears from the litical map, dissolved by the stern cree of Prussia, and left dependent the fortune of war for the ultimate d position of its component States. Re oning Italy and Prussia against Aust and such of the minor German State she may be able to control, the balan of forces is so even that the future Europe may be said to lie in the gen of the generals who command the posing armies.—*New York Tribune.*

Ambrose A. Butts, of Auburn, Ol recently lifted a dead weight of t thousand seven hundred and thirty-s een and three fourths pounds, which the greatest lifting feat on record. has been practising at intervals duri the last six years. Dr. Winship, for s eral years past considered the strong man in the world, at last accounts h lifted only twenty-six h undred poun

Despatches received from Colora state that the mining season is openi with better promise than at any ti during the last three years, especially the Gulch Bar and Placer diggin mining is pushed on with remarka activity.

The latest news from San Domin confirms the reports of the fall of Pre dent Baez and his departure from t Island. The Government has passe temporarily at least, into the hands o triumvirate.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* and *Young Folks* for July have been received.

WILLIAM L. MADDOCK & Co., dealers in fine groceries, No. 115 South Third Street (opposite the Girard Bank), Philadelphia.

THE *Country Gentleman*, is an agricultural paper of superior merit, and should be taken by all who wish to keep thoroughly posted in agricultural matters.

AT a meeting held yesterday of the board of Commissioners for the purchase of a farm for the erection of a Poor House, it was unanimously resolved that the purchase of said farm be and is hereby postponed for the present.

WE have received copies of the *Galaxy*, an illustrated semi-monthly magazine, from the commencement of its publication. Its contents are of a superior order of merit. We shall give it a more extended notice in our next.

IN commemoration of the Fourth of July the stores in this place will be closed. This is a day of remembrance which should be always celebrated with unusual spirit. The youthful portion of the community will do their share, and have already commenced to show their appreciation of this holiday.

THE examination of pupils of the Bloomsburg Academy, Professor Carver, principal, took place this week, and passed off in a very creditable manner. We were sorry to see the slim attendance of parents at those exhibitions. A show of interest by parents in their children's studies, has a great influence for good, and should not be neglected under any circumstances.

NEWS ITEMS.

GENERAL CASS was estimated to be worth from four to five million dollars.

A BOY, twelve years of age, stabbed his mother in Reading on Friday, while she was punishing him.

CYRUS W. FIELD has made thirty-three voyages across the ocean on Atlantic Telegraph business.

THERE are ten newspapers in the Unised States conducted by colored men; one daily and nine weeklies.

THE Connecticut House has concurred with the Senate in ratifying the new amendment to the Constitution.

ENGLAND professes much gratitude to the Cabinet in Washington for preserving Canada from the Fenians.

LARGE trains of emgrants, mostly farmers and laborers, are reported to be arriving in Colorado Territory daily.

MR. FELIX, of Reading, has been awarded the contract for furnishing shoes to the orphans of soldiers in the schools of this State.

MR. MADDOX, of Richmond, charged with shooting W. H. Vernon, has been fined five hundred dollars, and committed to jail for six months.

THE United States Court at New Orleans exacts the test-oath of all new attorneys, but admits all who were qualified before the war anywhere on the Gulf coast.

J. F. PACKER has been recognized by the President Vice-Consul of Sweden and Norway at Key West, Florida, and August Beck as Consul for Hesse Darmstadt, at Chicago, Illinois.

THE number of criminal pardons issued April fifteenth, 1865, is officially reported at one hundred and sixty-four, and for political offences, twelve thousand three hundred and eighty-one.

GENERAL SEYMOUR, commanding at Pensacola, Florida, has virtually established martial law in an order recently issued. He says the civil authorities do not prevent crime or protect loyal persons.

THE Union vote in Texas is larger than was anticipated. It will probably be one third of the whole vote cast when the western and central counties are heard from. The conservative vote is solid for the amendments, while the Union vote is against it.

FOUR men who had committed some crime and were pursued by officers of the law near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, recently took refuge under a tree during a thunder-storm, when all four were struck by lightning and instantly killed. The tree was untouched, while the ground was torn up for several feet around.

GARIBALDI, accompanied by General Fabrizi, Dr. Albanese, and others, after inspecting the regiments of volunteers assembled at Coma, will proceed to Piacenza, where he will meet the King of Italy. He will next proceed to Bari and Barletta, to review the volunteer troops in these towns. It is stated that he has addressed a letter to the King, begging him to give the command of a division of volunteers to General Pallavicini, who commanded the troops at Aspromonte, where Garibaldi was wounded in the foot.

THE Commissioner of Indian Affairs is informed, under date of Fort Sully, June twelfth, that councils were being held with the tribe with which we made treaties last Fall. They have suffered much during the past hard Winter—some of them actually starved to death—but notwithstanding this they have been very quiet and observed their treaty stipulations faithfully, which was certainly doing better, the agent says, than white men would have done under the same circumstances.

THE four hundred cadets of the Annapolis Naval Academy are about starting on a long Summer cruise. Two or three weeks will be spent at sea, giving them an opportunity to practise gunnery and the manœuvring of the vessels. The fleet will then sail for Portland, where a short stay will be made. Halifax and other provincial ports will also be visited, and on the return of the fleet, in the latter part of September, the cadets will be given an opportunity for recreation at Newport, Rhode Island.

THE Waterbury *American* is informed that something having the appearance of the rinderpest, or more probable pleuro-pneumonia, has made its appearance among the cattle in Litchfield County, Connecticut.

AMONG the new candidates for Naval Officer of New York is ex-Major-General Davies, now Public Administrator of that city. He is a son of the disappointed aspirant for the Collectorship, and a nephew of the mathematical professor.

AT a very large meeting of the Second Presbyterian Congregation at Louisville, Rev. Stuart Robinson, their pastor, was sustained by an overwhelming majority. New elders were elected, and strong minutes adopted, endorsing the Louisville Presbytery against the General Assembly.

ACCORDING to Paris gossip there exists an Austrian despatch, meant to be private and confidential, which, among other things, states that if the Austrians were allowed to beat the Prussians and Italians—but particularly the Prussians—there would be an opening for treating for the cession of Venetia.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

WE are called upon to chronicle one of those terrible cases of crime which from time to time startle our peaceable community, and make us question our individual safety when such criminals are abroad in our midst.

Yesterday afternoon a man named Isaac Van Aucken, residing in the township of Medina, killed his wife and her daughter with an axe. The particulars, as we learn them from the criminal himself, are as follows:

He claims that a number of relatives of his wife are leagued together as a band of thieves, and that he has been made to suffer from their depredations, having lost a horse, harness, and other valuables, and having been severely punished by his wife's brother about two weeks since. That at times his wife would appear to favor him, and then again to seem linked in with her friends to complete his ruin. Things had been going on in this manner for some time, when yesterday afternoon the subject was broached in conversation. High words ensued. He censured his wife for turning from him to assist others in robbing him of his possessions. His wife replied insultingly, and he made some demonstrations toward offering her personal violence; but two of his sons were present, who entreated of him not to injure her, and he desisted for the time. The boys then ran out of the house to call for assistance to prevent any harm being done, leaving Van Aucken alone with his wife and daughter, a young girl about eleven years of age. The woman soon after started for the back part of the house, closely followed by the criminal. The conversation still continued, and upon reaching the woodshed, in reply to some complaint of her husband, Mrs. Van Aucken said: "There is the axe, take it and finish me!" Van Aucken replied, "I have been hammered once on your account, and I won't suffer it again." As he spoke he sprang forward and dealt his wife a blow on the head with the axe, felling her to the ground. He then started in pursuit of his stepdaughter and struck at her, but she did not receive the full force of the blow, and he passed on for a few steps, impelled by his own momentum. He returned to the girl and struck her upon the head, killing her instantly. Fearing lest the blow administered to his wife had not been sufficient to cause death, and that she had either fainted or was shamming, and being determined on her destruction, he went to the place where she lay, and buried the axe in her throat, almost severing her head from her body.

The prisoner is about forty years of age, rather below the medium stature, with dark hair, grey eyes, and sandy whiskers. He was a well-to-do farmer, having a fine place, under a good state of cultivation. A man of rather ordinary education, but industrious and enterprising, he was highly esteemed by his neighbors who were not connected with the family on his wife's side.

He confesses to having committed the murder, says he is tired of life, and cares not what they do with him. He could not bear to feel that he was the victim of the machinations of a set of thieves, Mrs. Van Aucken was his second wife, and the girl her daughter by a former marriage.

We regret the necessity of comment in this case, for although the crime is horrible in all its details, we cannot but feel a degree of sympathy for the criminal, who was driven to the deed of violence by the abuse of his family.—*Columbus (Michigan) Journal, June 17.*

MARRIED.

In Light Street, on the twenty-first instant, by Rev. D. S. Trucksmiller, STEPHEN SMOYER, of Millin, to KATE PETIT, of Lime Ridge.

On the twenty-fourth instant, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. P. F. Eyer, A. M. DEPUY to KATE SCHUTZ, both of Shickshinny.

At the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage, on the fourteenth instant, by Rev. J. McKendree Reily, HENRY MAUPSTONE, of Wedgeburg, to EMMA HOLL, of Buckhorn.

E. H. Little,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, in white frame house, below the Exchange Hotel.

Robert F. Clark,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office corner of Main and Market Streets, over First National Bank.

John G. Freeze,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House.

Wesley Wirt,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

C. B. Brockway,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, first door west of the Court House.

Charles G. Barkley,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

William H. Abbott,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.

M. E. Jackson,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Pa.

M. M. Traugh,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Near American Hotel.

M. M. L'Velle,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centralia, Columbia County, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.—Estate of Reuben Hess, deceased. Letters of Administration having been granted to the subscriber upon the estate of Reuben Hess, late of Fishing Creek Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, all persons indebted to the same will make payment, and those having claims present them.

ALFRED T. CREVELING, Adm'r.
FISHING CREEK TOWNSHIP, }
VAN CAMP P. O., June 11, 1866. }

LETTING.—SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Board of School Directors of Scott Township, at Charles S. Fowler's office, at Espy, on SATURDAY, JULY FOURTEENTH, 1866, between the hours of two and four o'clock, for the building of a new Two-Story Frame School-House, 22x46 feet, stories 11 feet each. Plans and specifications will be exhibited at the place and time of letting.

JACOB TERWILLIGER, Pres't.
PETER ENT, Secy.
Scott Township, June 27, 1866.

IN THE ESTATE OF SAMUEL SHULTZ, DECEASED.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Joseph H. Shultz; Andrew Shultz; Samuel B. Shultz; Elisha Shultz; Nancy, intermarried with Gearhart Klie; Sarah, intermarried with Joseph Britain; Naomah, intermarried with Samuel White; Mary Ann, intermarried with Samuel H. York; Lucinda Shultz; Joseph Oscar Shultz; Mary Ellen Shultz; Harriet Shultz; Thomas Shultz; Zephaniah Shultz; and Albert A. Shultz. You and each of you are hereby cited and commanded to be and appear, in your proper persons, at an Orphan's Court, to be holden at Bloomsburg, in and for the said county, the first Monday of September next, then and there to answer the bill or petition of Samuel B. Shultz, administrator of Samuel Shultz, late of Benton Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, praying the Court to decree the specific performance of contract between said Samuel Shultz, deceased, and Elisha Shultz and Joseph H. Shultz, according to the true intent and meaning thereof, or show cause why the specific performance of said contract should not be decreed.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, the eleventh day of May, A.D. 1866.

JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.
BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

MILLER'S STORE.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

The subscriber has just returned from the cities with another large and select assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

purchased in New York and Philadelphia at the lowest figure, and which he is determined to sell on as moderate terms as can be procured elsewhere in Bloomsburg. His stock comprises

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

of the choicest styles and latest fashions, together with a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, consisting of the following articles:

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Shawls,
Flannels,
Silks,
White Goods,
Linens,
Hoop Skirts,
Muslins,
Hollowware,
Cedarware
Queensware, Hardware,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Hoop Nets,
Umbrellas,
Looking-Glasses,
Tobacco,
Coffee,
Sugars,
Teas,
Rice,
Allspice,
Ginger,
Cinnamon,
Nutmegs,

AND NOTIONS GENERALLY.

In short, everything usually kept in country stores, to which he invites the attention of the public generally. The highest price will be paid for country produce in exchange for goods.

S. H. MILLER,
Arcade Buildings, Bloomsburg, Pa.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,
Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,
No. 24 North Wharves, and 25 North Water St.,
Philadelphia.

BRODHEAD & KAUB,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 211 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

E. J. LESTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, &c.,
No. 29 North Second Street, opp. Christ Church,
Philadelphia.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN,
A GREAT NATIONAL JOURNAL,
published daily and weekly, in the National Capital, devoted to the support of the
NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION,
containing, beside editorials on the leading topics of the day, the
LATEST OFFICIAL NEWS
from the several Departments of the Government; the
MOST RELIABLE REPORTS
of the proceedings of the two Houses of Congress, and the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Court of Claims; also
TELEGRAPHIC, GENERAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS NEWS;
the most
RELIABLE AND LATEST REPORTS
from the Agricultural Bureau, the Freedmen's Bureau, and from every other important source whence news comes—foreign and domestic.
THE REPUBLICAN, DAILY AND WEEKLY, will always be furnished with an
AMPLE SUPPLY OF LITERARY MATTER—
POETRY AND PROSE.
A niche will be reserved for a word on the
ARTS AND SCIENCES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
WIT, HUMOR, &c.
THE REPUBLICAN,
under the present management, commenced in the midst of the Rebellion, January, 1861, and if it has not been the ablest, it has been as earnest and sincere in its support of Abraham Lincoln and his war policy, Emancipation Proclamation, and all, as any journal printed inside the Federal lines. Taking that ground, then, and finding Andrew Johnson standing firmly in defence of the same principles, we have no other duty to perform or desire to gratify than to "Fight it out on this line" until the Rebellion, armed or disarmed, is wholly and permanently put down.
THE OFFICIAL ADVERTISEMENTS
of all the Executive Departments of the Government are published in the
NATIONAL REPUBLICAN
BY AUTHORITY OF THE PRESIDENT.

One copy one year	$2 00
One copy six months	1 00
Three copies one year	5 00
Three copies six months	2 50
Ten copies one year	15 00
Ten copies six months	7 50

A person sending us a club of twenty subscribers to the Weekly, and $30, will be entitled to an extra copy gratis.

The Daily National Republican is furnished to mail subscribers at $8 per annum; $4 for six months. Five copies one year $35. Address
W. J. MURTAGH & CO.,
Washington, D. C.

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IRON AND NAILS,
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IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
in large quantities and at reduced rates, always on hand.

PUBLIC SALE OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., on Saturday, the 23d day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Philip Foust, administrator of Daniel Kram, late of Cooper Township, Montour County, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, at the house of Emanuel Lazarus, in Montour Township, a certain tract of land, situate in Montour Township, Columbia County, adjoining lands of Emanuel Lazarus on the east, the River Susquehanna on the south, and the line dividing the Counties of Columbia and Montour on the north, containing eighty-two acres and sixty-six perches neat measure, about twenty acres of which is improved or cleared land. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Montour and county aforesaid. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk.

BLOOMSBURG, May 25, 1866.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

Twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money to be paid by the purchaser to the administrator on the day of sale; the residue of the purchase money to be paid in one year from the confirmation *nisi*, *si.*, with interest from the confirmation. The purchaser to pay for deed and stamps.

PHILIP FOUST, Administrator.

May 25, 1866.

ADJOURNED SALE.

The sale of the above described real estate adjourned until Saturday, the 28th day of July, 1866.

PHILIP FOUST, Administrator.

LIFE INSURANCE.

If you wish to live long and die happy, go without delay and

INSURE YOUR LIFE

in the best Company in the world,

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

ITS CASH ASSETS ARE $15,000,000,

and its annual dividend for the fiscal year of 1865 amounts to seventy-five per cent. on all participating premiums, being the largest dividend ever declared by any company for the same length of time. For further information apply to

P. S. RISHEL, Agent.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

ESTATE OF JOHN SANKEY, SR., DECEASED.—To Jacob Sankey; Samuel Sankey; John Sankey; Cyrus Sankey; James W. Sankey; Mary Ann Sankey, intermarried with Aaron Wolf; Lydia Sankey, intermarried with James G. Fritz; Susan Reighard; and Mary Catharine Reighard; the last two named are minors of Polly Sankey, late Polly Reighard, deceased, heirs and legal representatives of John Sankey, Sr., deceased. You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, at an Orphans' Court to be held at Bloomsburg, in said county, the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of the said John Sankey, Sr., deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by said the Court, and returned by the Sheriff, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, the tenth day of May, A.D. 1866.

JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.

BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH HAYHURST, DECEASED.—To Mary, intermarried with David Brobst; Susan, intermarried with George Stricker; Ellen, intermarried with Cyrus B. Appleman; Bazaleel, Elizabeth, and Benajah, lineal descendents of Joseph Hayhurst, late of Orange Township, in said County of Columbia, deceased, and all other persons interested. You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, in said county, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of the said Joseph Hayhurst, deceased, situate in Orange Township, Columbia County, at the appraised value put upon it by an inquest, duly awarded by the Court and returned by the Sheriff, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, May tenth A.D. 1866. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.

BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Please take notice that I, Ira Roadarmel, of Centreville, Columbia County, having bought the following list of property from Peter Hower, do declare that it is my intention to lend the same to the said Hower, to wit: four beds; one dozen chairs; one lot of dishes; one cupboard; one bureau; twenty yards of carpet; one cooking stove; one parlor stove; one two-horse wagon; one two-horse carriage; one double set of harness; one single set of harness; two bibles; two pigs. IRA ROADARMEL.

THE GALAXY,
A FORTNIGHTLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE GALAXY is published fortnightly, on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has the advantage of coming to the reader intermediately between the monthlies and the weeklies.

With the second number the Magazine was enlarged by sixteen pages, making it to contain ninety-six pages of matter.

ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

THE GALAXY will be an original American Magazine of the highest class. Arrangements have accordingly been made for regular contributions from the best known and most meritorious writers in the country; and moreover, the Editor will always seek to elicit and encourage contributions from new authors of real ability or decided promise. The articles in THE GALAXY will be signed with the names of their authors, who will be allowed a wide freedom in the expression of opinions.

The first and second numbers of THE GALAXY, for May first and fifteenth, 1866, contain contributions from John Esten Cooke, Frances Power Cobbe, Rose Terry, George Alfred Townsend, Edmund C. Stedman, the Author of "Emily Chester," Professor Pierre Blot, Dr. W. H. Draper, Stillman S. Conant, General Cluseret, and others. "The Claverings," by Anthony Trollope, and "Archie Lovell," by Mrs. Edwards, were commenced in the first number of THE GALAXY, and will continue to be published serially simultaneously with the appearance in England. The back numbers of the Magazine containing these stories may always be obtained from a newsdealer or from the proprietors.

PROFESSOR BLOT ON COOKERY.

In the second number of THE GALAXY was commenced a series of articles on Cookery, by Professor Pierre Blot, the well-known teacher of the art. These articles will be made of great practical value to every family. Beside many gastronomical directions of essential importance, they will contain receipts and practical suggestions which must secure for them thousands of readers.

TERMS.

The price of THE GALAXY is 25 cents a number; $3 for the year of twenty-four numbers; $2 for six months—twelve numbers. The volumes for the year will include 2,300 octavo pages, illustrated by twenty-five or more full-page engravings, printed on tinted paper; beside innumerable smaller illustrations, scattered through the text. THE GALAXY may be ordered at the rate of twenty-five cents a number for any length of time desired.

Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address
W. C. & F. P. CHURCH, Proprietors,
39 Park Row, New York.

THE NEW GROCERY STORE,
on Main Street,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS just received at
HENRY GIGER'S NEW STORE.

Dry Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Molasses,
Sugars,
Teas,
Coffee,
Spices, Rice,
Fish,
Salt,
Raisins,
Tobacco,
Segars,
Candies,
Notions,
Toys,

FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS,

together with a great variety of notions generally kept in stores.

BUTTER, EGGS, MEAT, AND PRODUCE

taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be paid.

HENRY GIGER.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an

OMNIBUS LINE

between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.

JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Pursel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SLIFER, WALLS, SHRINER & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Rundel's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork lifted more hay in one draught than the Rundel in three. We are satisfied it will take as much hay into the mow as two good horses can draw. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.

C. BITTENBENDER, W. B. KOONS, JOHN DEITERICK, H. DRAKENMILLER, MICHAEL HELLER, DR. F. C. HARRISON, JOHN DOAK, DANIEL SOVER, SYLVESTER PURSEL, JOHN WOLF.

They also manufacture the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

FORK'S HOTEL,
GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*Mc Henry*"), purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS &c.,
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.
Fresh arrival of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
DAVID LOWENBERG
invites attention to his stock of
CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,
at his store on
Main Street, two doors above the American House,
Bloomsburg, Pa.,
where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of
MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
including the most fashionable, durable, and handsome
DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
BOX, SACK, FROCK, GUM, AND OIL-CLOTH
COATS AND PANTS,
of all sorts, sizes, and colors. He has also replenished his already large stock of
FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS,
STRIPED, FIGURED, AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS, CRAVATS, STOCKS, COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS, AND FANCY ARTICLES,
He has constantly on hand a large and well-selected assortment of
CLOTHS AND VESTINGS,
which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear, and most of it is of home manufacture.
GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
of every description, fine and cheap. His case of jewelry is not surpassed in this place. Call and examine his general assortment of
CLOTHING, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.
DAVID LOWENBERG.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER,
the successors of
WILLIAM SLOAN & SON,
continue the business of making
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
and every style of
FANCY WAGONS,
which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.—The undersigned has just arrived from the City with a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Dye Stuffs, Ready-Made Clothing, Perfumery, Toy and Fancy Articles, Druggist's Glassware, Brushes, Trusses and Supporters, and a general assortment of everything that belongs to a well-appointed Drug Store. Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, such as Jayne's, Ayer's, Wishart's, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Brown's Troches, Swaim's Panacea, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Hoofland's Bitters constantly on hand. Also
MOROCCO LEATHER, KID, FRENCH MOROCCO, FRENCH CALESKINS, FISK
TRIMMINGS, BINDINGS,
by the dozen or half-dozen. Also
SHOE-FINDINGS, FISHING-TACKLE, &c.
Having had a large experience in the drug business, I would respectfully invite those wishing anything in that line to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "In medicines quality is of the first importance."
JOHN B. MOYER.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.
Owing to the late fall in gold,
EPHRAIM W. ELWELL
has reduced his prices to suit all buyers, either at wholesale or retail. If you want
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, SPICES,
CRACKERS, CANNED FRUIT, DRIED
FRUIT, WOODENWARE, FISH,
BEANS, CHEESE, FLOUR,
FEED, &c., &c. &c.,
give me a call. EPHRAIM W. ELWELL.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.
Omnibusses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW.
Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,
Catawissa, Pa.
The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodelled, repaired, and refurnished. It will be found now, in its arrangement and appointments, a first-class Hotel, and second to none in the country. Persons in cities wishing to spend the hot months in the country, will do well to give the proprietor a call.

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.
E. H. STOHNER
has always on hand and for sale
FRESH BREAD, CAKES, AND PIES,
FRENCH AND DOMESTIC CONFECTIONS
in every style and variety,
NUTS, FRUITS,
and everything usually found in a
FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY STORE.
Having recently fitted up a new and elegant
ICE-CREAM AND EATING SALOON,
he is prepared to accomodate ladies and gentlemen in the best style.

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, PERFUMERY
AND TOILET ARTICLES.
EYER & MOYER
respectfully invite a continuance of patronage. Their Drugs and Medicines are all selected with the greatest care, avoiding as much as possible the introduction of delirious nostrums, and are purchased from the best importing houses in the country.
PATENT MEDICINES
of all kinds, including Ayer's, Jayne's, Holloway's, Hostetter's, Wishart's, Hoofland's, &c. constantly on hand.
COAL OIL AND ALCOHOL.
HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, AND
CLOTHES BRUSHES
PAINTS AND CHEMICALS
of every variety, and of the best quality.
FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.
The public may rely at all times on procuring the above articles, with all the new useful preparations kept in the best conducted establishments.
PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS
and Family Receipts compounded with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.
The subscriber, proprietor of the above-named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of
MACHINERY FOR COLLIERIES, BLAST
FURNACES, STATIONARY ENGINES,
MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c
He is also prepared to make Stoves of all sizes and patterns, Plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.
His extensive facilities and practical workmen warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.
Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for Castings.
This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.
PETER BILLMYER.

BLOOMSBURG FANCY TRIMMING AND BOOKSTORE,
second door below Hartman's, Main Street.
Just received a new stock of
ZEPHYRS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS
CORSETS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES,
MUSLIN EDGINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS
and every variety of articles usually kept in a
FANCY STORE.
Also
SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS,
and a large lot of
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
ACCOUNT AND MEMORANDUM BOOKS,
BLANK DEEDS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES,
and a general and well-selected assortment of
PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c.
A. D. WEBB.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE
Estate of William Robison, deceased.
THREE VALUABLE BUSINESS STANDS,
on Main Street, Bloomsburg, adjoining the Court House, and nearly opposite the Exchange Hotel.
TWO SMALL HOUSES AND LOTS,
on Ridge Alley, known as the "Spring Lots."
ONE HOUSE AND LOT
on Rock Street. Also
TIMBER LAND,
in Jay Township, Elk County,
ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED ACRES,
well timbered with white-pine and hemlock—good farming land. The above property will be offered at
PRIVATE SALE
until the first of August next, on which day, if not sold, it will be offered at
PUBLIC SALE,
on the premises, near the Court House, at ten o'clock A.M.
Apply to the subscribers, or to Miss ISABELLA ROBISON, Bloomsburg.
ALEX. ROBISON, Mauch Chunk, } Ex'rs.
A. FARDEE, Hazleton, }

STOVES AND TINWARE.
A. M. RUPERT
announces to his friends and customers that he continues the above business at his old place on
MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG.
Customers can be accommodated with
FANCY STOVES
of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware, and every variety of article found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the office, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice
25 DOZEN MILK-PANS
on hand for sale.

EAGLE FOUNDRY.
JOSEPH SHARPLESS,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
STOVES OF EVERY VARIETY,
PLOUGHSHARES, PLOUGHPOINTS,
and all kinds of Castings, on hand or supplied on the shortest notice and at the cheapest rates. Castings for
COAL BREAKERS AND COAL SCHUTES
made to order.

SHE HATH FALLEN.

On her chain of life is rust,
On her spirit's wing is dust,
She had let the spoiler in,
She hath mated her with Sin,
She hath open'd wide the door,
Crime hath passed the threshold o'er,
Wherefore has she gone astray?
Stood Temptation in her way,
With its eyes so glittering bright,
Clothed in angel robes of light!

Oh! her story soon is told;
Once a lamb within the fold,
Stranger voices lured her thence,
In her trusting innocence.
Woe!—she had not strength to keep
With the Shepherd of the Sheep,
For the fleece so spotless white
Thence became the hue of night,
And she stood in her despair
Bleating for the Shepherd's care.

Woe that none might lead her back
From the bloodhounds on her track!
Hunger prowled about her path
With a wild hyena wrath,
Scorn came leaping from its lair
With defiant growl and stare,
And she grappled, all in vain,
With the fangs of Want and Pain:
Hope and Mercy shut the gate
On this heart so desolate.

So she turned again to Sin—
What had she to lose or win?
Resting on her life a stain
Deeper than the brand of Cain.
Heard she not a pitying tone,
Weeping in her shame alone?
Was there not a human heart
In her anguish bore a part?
None to hold a beacon-light
Up before her darken'd sight?

No; the altar was not there,
For a canting Priesthood's prayer.
She hath fallen! Let her die,
Saith the Levite passing by.
So she turned again to Sin,
What has she to lose or win?
Sisters! there is work to do,
Field of labor here for you.
Ye who pour the wine and oil,
Up! and rest not from your toil,

Till the bruised and wounded heart,
Aching from the Tempter's dart,
Sore and weary with its pain,
Shall be bound and heal'd again—
Till, no more defiled by sin,
Like the pardoned Magdalen,
Kneeling in repentance sweet,
She may wash the Saviour's feet
With her tears—that while they roll,
Blot the sin-stain from her soul.
Do you ask for your reward?
"They are blessed who serve the Lord."

AGRICULTURAL.

Apiary in June.

JUNE is the swarming season, though bees often commence in May, and sometimes wait until July to begin. Any one wishing to increase his colonies to the utmost must secure at least one swarm from each stock that is sufficiently strong. This is a matter which is to a great extent unde rcontrol. A hive will often exhibit all the indications of swarming, except actual issuing, and yet not swarm. If you do not intend to make all the swarms possible, it is well to put on the surplus boxes, but do not expect the greatest yield of surplus honey, and at the same time great increase. Often the non-swarming hive will store honey enough to buy a good hive or two of bees when sold. Prepare the surplus honey-boxes before placing in the hives by sticking in the top of each some nice white combs the right distance apart, to serve as guides to the bees; pieces an inch square will do. Mr. Harbison says, instead of melting beeswax into which one edge of the comb may be dipped to make it stick, these pieces may be glued. Stocks not strong enough to swarm by the last of this month should be made to show cause. If queenless, give them a new queen, unless too weak to keep out worms. If the queen is barren, destroy her, and replace with another in a few days. In a good season bees quite often swarm too much—more proportionally in small than in large apiaries. When no queens are reared artificially to supply stocks or swarms, it is usually most profitable, when practicable, to limit the issues from each, to one. With the movable combs, this may be controlled. As a rule, five or six days after the first issue, take out the frames, and cut out all queen cells but one, leaving the oldest. If any are not sealed, it may be necessary to open the hive again in three or four days, and cut off any cells that may subsequently be started. After-swarms usually issue from the eighth to the thirteenth day after the first; they need not be expected after the eighteenth day. It takes two second, or four third swarms to be equal to one of the first. If two or more cannot be united, it is better commonly to return them to the old hive. With half a dozen or more movable comb hives, it is needless to have any *very* weak, at least after the weather becomes warm. Bees are increasing much faster when all are strong than when some are much crowded, and others very weak. They are easily equalized in a few days, by taking some combs from the strong hives, filled with brood, ready sealed, and exchanging them with the weak ones. Should chilly nights occur before there are bees enough hatched to protect these combs, the entrances should be nearly closed, and old carpets or blankets used to help keep the hive warm.—*American Agriculturist.*

Breeding Pigs.

I HAVE just noticed the inquiries of J. T. about raising and feeding pigs. I wish to say I first find a good breed; then I pick the best sow pig I can find in the litter. She must be of good size and well shaped, rather long body, fine bone, fine, thin hair, and a good number of teats; in fact, I look for a handsome built, thrifty pig. Then I feed her well, keep her growing, but not too fat. When she is of proper age—say six or eight months old—I drive to the best male pig I can find in the neighborhood; then use the sow very gently, let her have a proper place to sleep in, and keep her pen clean, with plenty of fresh straw for bedding. She wants a new bed once or twice a week. Never set a dog at her, never get her scared if we can help it. A day or two before her time clean out pen, put in new bed, short straw; then watch her till after pigging; throw all cleannings and dead pigs away, for if she should eat it, it may teach her to eat her young. Keep her bowels loose before and after she pigs, for costiveness will make her cross, and she will kill and eat her pigs. I don't know of any particular breed that will give any stated number of pigs at every litter.—*Country Gentleman.*

Grapes.

THIN out the bunches freely, especially on young vines. One bunch to the shoot is as much as a vine should carry the first year of its fruiting. Stop the shoot at three or four leaves beyond the last cluster. Young vines should grow only a single cane the first year, and be kept tied up. Hand-picking must be resorted to for the large beetles and caterpillars.

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

The Little Bound-Boy's Dream.

A FAIR-HAIRED child laid its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pairs of narrow, dark stairs to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound-child," that had neither father nor mother; so no soft bed awaited its tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.

It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called; still, that was not so bad, for the beautiful round moon smiled in upon the poor little bound-boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreamily.

But after awhile, as he laid there, what wondrous change came over the place! A great light shone down; the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded with precious sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was all encrusted with shining crystals; and the child raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed with a half-fearing, half-delighted look upon the glorious sight.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision; but presently, as if emerging therefrom, came a soft white figure, that stood by the poor bound-boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly; but he found breath to murmur, "Tell me, who are you?"

"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet voice, that sounded like the harps of Heaven; "look up, darling; I am your brother Willie, sent down from the angels to speak with you, and tell you to try and bear all your sorrow patiently, for you will soon be with us."

"What, you my brother Willie? Oh, no, no, that cannot be! my brother Willie was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn; and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and chips; but your face is quite too handsome and your clothes prettier than any I ever saw before, and there is no ugly hump on your back; besides, my brother Willie is dead long ago."

"I am your brother Willie, your immortal brother; my body, with the ugly hump, is dead and turned to ashes. But just as soon as that died I went up to the great Heaven, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now, they were so very, very beautiful. But God, who is your Father and the holy name of Eternity, gave me these bright garments that never get soiled; and I was so happy that I suppose my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; so no wonder you do not know me."

And now the little bound-child's tears began to fall. "Oh!" he exclaimed earnestly, "if I too could go to Heaven!"

"You can go," replied the angel with a smile of ineffiecable sweetness; "you have learned how to read; well, to-morrow get your Bible, and find, very reverently—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus: 'But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father which is above."

Even if they beat me?" murmured the little bound-boy with a quivering lip.

A flash of light passed over the angel's face as he replied, "The more you forgive the nearer you will be to Heaven."

In another moment the vision had gone, but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.

As the little boy fell back upon his pillow his wan face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought, "I will forgive them, even if they beat me."

Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid; but, sitting upright on his miserable couch, he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself to the wall; a ray of intense brightness outlined all its form; its eyes blazed, yet there was a mild beauty in them every time they looked into his own.

"Little one, I am thy father," said the form in melting accents.

"I don't think you can be my father," whispered the boy timidly. "My father used to look very old indeed; and he got hurt and wore a crutch; there were wrinkles on his face and all over his forehead, and his hair was short and white, not long like yours. And my father used to stoop over, and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room."

"And what else?"

"He used to pray and sing very sweetly; but I never hear any praying and singing now," sobbed the child, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, dear little boy, but listen to me. I am your father, your immortal father; that poor lame body is all gone now, mingled with the dust of the graveyard. As soon as the breath left that deformed body I was with the shining angels; hosts and hosts of them bore me up to Heaven; and the King of that glorious place clothed me in these robes, white and stainless, and gave me this tall beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason, dear little orphan: Because I loved Him, and my chief delight was in praying to Him and talking about Him; and although I was very poor, I tried to be honest, and many times went hungry rather than do wrong. And you, if you will never forget to say your little prayer that I taught you, if you will keep God's holy commandments and trust in Him always, shall soon be with me in my sweet Heavenly home.

Once more the child was left alone; but still the rafters were golden, the walls pearly, the old floor studded with brilliants, and the same soft mysterious light over all.

A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder, and came nearer and nearer to the head of his little bed. And then a voice—oh! far sweeter than either of the others—sang, "My child, my little earth-child, look upon me, I am thy mother."

In a moment what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy! He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago; of her soft arms around his neck, her gentle lips pressing his forehead; then came up the cruelty of strangers, who, after she had been put away in the deep ground, treated him with harshness.

He turned toward her. Oh, what a glorious being! Her eyes were like stars; her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none other might so truly know. He had doubted if the first-risen was his brother, if the second was his father; but not once did he doubt that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

A little while he kept down his strong feeling, but the thought of the past and the present overpowered him.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" he cried, stretching forth his little hands, "let me come to you—let me come! there is nobody in this world like you; no one kisses me now, no one loves me; oh! mother, mother, let me come!" and the hot tears rained down his cheeks.

"My orphan child," she said in a low tones, that thrilled him to the heart, "you cannot come to me now; but listen to me. I am very often near you when you know it not. Every day I am by your side; and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircle you. I behold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist evil I whisper calm and tender thoughts into your soul; but when you give way to anger, when you cherish a spirit of revenge, you drive your mother from you; remember that, my little one—your sin drives your mother from you, and displeases the great and holy God. Be good, be happy, even amidst all your trials, and if it is a consolation, know that thy immortal mother often communes with thy soul. And farther, thou shalt soon be with me."

Oh! mother, mother, mother!" murmured the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap toward her. The keen air chilled him; he looked eagerly round; there was no light, a solemn stillness reigned, the radiance, the rafters of gold, the silvery beams, the music, the angels—all were gone. And then he knew that he had been dreaming; but oh! what a dream! how strengthening, how cheering! never, never would he forget it.

The next morning, when he went down to his scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face, such a sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forbore to taunt or chide him.

He told his dream; and the hard hearts that listened were softened; and the mother, who held her own babe, was so choked with her tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly that henceforth he would be kinder to the poor little orphan bound-boy, and so he was. The child found his way into their affections, he was so meek, so prayerful, so good, and at the end of a twelvemonth, when the angels did in very deed take him to Heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin as if he were one of their own. But then they all felt that he was in the bright heavens with his brother, his father, and his dear angel-mother.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE needle-woman's exclamation. Ahem!

IF you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

"MY 'pinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon washin' day does it out of pure spite."

"PA, I know why that old-fashioned pistol of your'n that grandpa fit with in the Revolution is called a horse pistol." "Why, my son?" "Because it kicks so!"

"IT seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where." "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

A GENTLEMAN riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot of it was unsound, called out to a clown who was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. "Ay," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you." But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-girths, which made the gentleman whip, spur, and swear. "Why, you rascal," said he, "did you not tell me it was hard at the bottom?" "Ay," replied the fellow, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

A GENTLEMAN residing near Boston drew the attention of the Town Council to a slough in the road as a nuisance, but no notice was taken of it. One day he found, to his amusement, that two Councillors had walked into it by accident and were floundering about in the mire, when he addressed them thus: "Gentlemen of the Town Council of Boston: I have often petitioned to your honorable body against this slough, but I never had any attention paid to my petition. I now come forth to express my delight to see you at last *moving in the matter.*

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Kingston, March 15, 1866.

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March 22, 1866.

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Returning, leave New York at